

Mystic Vengeance

by Patriot

Category: Misc. Books

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 1999-08-16 09:00:00

Updated: 1999-08-16 09:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 11:58:31

Rating: M

Chapters: 1

Words: 3,000

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: A fanfic based off the popular Mack Bolan: Executioner/Stony Man series, with a supernatural twist

Mystic Vengeance

Executioner: Mystic Vengeance

"Let's get to work!" The man shouted to his employees. This man was Drew Phelan, a professional land surveyor. It was shortly before dusk. And the sun was just barely beginning to sink behind a bluish gray skyline. This plot had to be measured and analyzed by this time tomorrow. It was a lot of land too. Watching his men fiddle with various instruments, a strange feeling came over him. He looked down to see his hand trembling. It was like a bad high or mixing wine and scotch. Drew shook his head and looked around. Unknowingly, he had wandered off the plot of land and into a patch of woodlands. Footsteps! Very soft yet very close. An instant later Phelan spun around and was confronted with a monster. It looked like a man but black. Not Afro-American but a deep midnight black pigment in his skin. His eyes had no pupils just light yellow tissue with red spider-veins. "W. . . wh. . . who are you?" The surveyor asked. "I am your punishment! The curse which you have brought upon yourself. God of the sacred yet unholy mystery of death. Of the soul. Of human essence and of an everlasting quest for self-preservation." The figure said in a low whisper. "What the hel-" Before Drew could finish the creature opened its mouth to reveal fangs that were a half inch longer than the rest of his teeth. With a hiss he sank the fangs into Phelan's shoulder and bit down until the socket was crushed with a distinct "cruch" sound. Using his black bone-like talons, the creature tore open the man's-

"I GOT YOU SQUARE CARL! YOU KNOW IT!" "GIVE IT UP SCHWARZ! YOU MISSED! POL. . ." Carl Lyons and Hermann Schwarz were arguing like little kids over a toy. They'd spent the day in the mountains around the Farm with modified Uzis and Glocks. Kissinger had changed the configuration of the cycling mechanisms so they could fire downloaded paint rounds. Now it was up to "Politician" Blancales to settle

another meaningless debate. "Ok, Carl, pick a number between one and five." Rosario began. "Two." "Hermann?" "Five." "Schwarz wins, Lyons was greased." "WHAT?!?!" The Able Team leader shouted in surprise. It was a little unlike Blancales to settle a debate like that. Finally the Hispanic warrior turned to confront his comrades. "Look, you guys have been bustin' my ass all day long! These petty little who shot who arguments are pathetic. Just examine each others' clothes and looked for the colored paint mark!" Rosario stormed down the mountain towards the Farm grounds. The other two soldiers grinned at each other.

"Hey Pol, come 'ere and look at somethin' will ya?" It was Cowboy Kissinger. What did he want with Blancales? "SURPRISE!!" Almost the entire StonyMan staff in one room. All huddled around a very large cake. "Happy Tenth Pol" was written in bright blue icing on the top. Today marked ten years from Rosario's first mission with the present day Able Team. Carl Lyons and Hermann Schwarz clapped him on the shoulders from behind. "You sons of-" "Now now Blancales. If you're not nice you'll get no cake and only Bear's coffee." Brognola quipped with a smile. "You gonna blow out your candles or what?" Carmen Delahunt asked. Pol looked down at the cake again. A slate gray dinner candle had been crudely carved into an MP-5 without a magazine. Leaning over, the commando blew out the candle as everyone applauded. Charlie Mott cut the cake while Akira Tokaido poured drinks. Mostly everyone had a glass of champagne` except for Dave McCarter who had a bottle of Coca-Cola. "Who was it, really?" Rosario was filled with surprise and joy and annoyance all at once. He didn't care for attention like that. "You all better sleep with your eyes open 'cause I'll get you back somehow." The guest of honor warned. "Sleep? What's that?" Kurtzman inquired with a chuckle. The StonyMan staff was on call 24-7 and rarely got much sleep. Hal Brognola and Mack Bolan quietly high-fived. They'd never let Blancales know their dirty secret.

"Hey, anyone seen Drew?" A surveyor asked. "I think he went into the woods to take a leak or something." His co-worker responded. The man looked towards the edge of the woods and threw up. The body of Drew Phelan was propped against a tree. It'd been slit open from groin to upper abdomen entrails laying in the grass beside the corpse.

A secure phone at StonyMan Farm began to ring. A hush fell over the room as the Big Fed picked up. "Brognola. Um-hm, ok. Yes Sir. I'll have them on it right away. Yeah, you too sir." Hal hung up the telephone. He looked at the crowd of employees. Everyone knew what was coming. Mack spoke up. "Who's visit has been cut short?" "Able Team. You guys are going to New York. The Hudson Valley to be exact. You'll leave tomorrow morning. Bar, check your e-mail before you go to bed. Put together a portfolio based on whatever you get. Let's enjoy what time we got left, eh?" The room was silent for a second. "I'm all for that! Let's party like it's-" "TJ IF YOU USE THAT PHRASE ONE MORE TIME I'M GONNA. . . . WELL YOU'LL REGRET IT!" Calvin had only half-serious anger in his voice. "Sorry James, I just like the irony of it actually being 1999 and all." "Just shut up Hawk." The ex-SEAL commanded. A light chatter started up again and Bear started to play some muzac via the Facility's computerized PA system.

"Here they come everyone!" One of the witnesses called. The entire land crew rushed towards the slowing Hummer. One man got out. Three others remained in the vehicle. "Hello gentlemen-" Bolan began. "I am Colonel Rance Pollack of S.I.T.-2,." "Of WHAT!?" One of the workers

asked. He thought that the police-not the military-would handle this. "Special Investigations Team 2. We're a joint Army/FBI squadron built to handle crimes like this." Mack answered coolly. At this point, Rosario Blancales was approaching. "This is Rosario Blancales, top Psychological specialist." The warrior explained. "Whoa whoa whoa! Why all the specialists and shit?" Asked the head surveyor. "We believe this was done by terrorists. Fanatics. We've heard of this type of situation before." The Executioner looked like a true "G-man" with his black BDUs and Ray Ban reflective sunglasses. Pol started to walk to the body which hadn't been moved. On the ground were several spots where workers had thrown up. Even the PsyOps specialist himself had to put a cloth over his nose from the smell. Intestines, kidneys, gall bladder, pancreas,-all laying on the ground between the spread legs of the limp corpse. From the loos of it, they'd been removed by hand. "Holy Mother of God." Whispered the Hispanic warrior, blessing himself. "Mack, you gotta see-" But Bolan was already behind him, the Ray Bans had been removed and Mack's eyes were beginning to tear up from the smell. "What the hell could've done this Pol?" "Any man could've done it Striker but something doesn't seem right to me. I'm going to look in the woods over here for some clues." "Doesn't seem right? That's what Hal said. That's why we're here doing work that Sheriffs should be doing, not commandos." Mack walked away annoyed. Rosario knew that Lyons would be annoyed too. Ironman was a man of force. Blancales walked stealthily through the brush. Suddenly he felt very lost and soft footsteps approached from everywhere. Drawing the P7M13 that Kissinger had given him, Pol scanned the woodland and-from the corner of his eye-saw two yellowish circles the color of tobacco stained teeth. Little red lines were scattered around the outer rims of both circles. It was then that Blancales realized that these "circles" were eyes! A midnight black silhouette leapt out at him. The soldier sent all 13 rounds of the P7's magazine into the being. Rosario shouted when a baker's dozen of .45 caliber Hydr-Shoks didn't stop the assailant. The Executioner was the first to respond firing a double-tap of .44 Magnum slugs into the monster's back. It only spun towards Mack, more angry. Bolan emptied the Desert Eagle's magazine and reaching into his waistband to reload. By the time he'd chambered the new clip "it" had taken off into the woods. Carl and Hermann had shown up seconds too late. "What the fuck happened?" Blurted Gadgets. "I don't know." Said Mack and Pol in unison. Blancales continued to speak. "Whatever it was took 13 rounds of .45 Hydras and 7 rounds of .44 Remingtons without flinching." Lyons' eyes widened as Mack and Rosario collected the shell casings. "I have a pla-" Striker was cut off. "Beat you to it Bastard." Pol interjected. "Lyons, you and I will fly back to the Farm and talk to Cowboy about some more firepower. Mack, you and Schwarz will question the locals about motives and such." Bolan nodded. His exact plan.

Gadgets and Striker had inquired about motives to attack a man like Phelan. The crew said that the site was a Mohawk Indian reservation. At least it was until "Holiday Inn" incorporated bought it. Now the duo was driving to a local Mohawk historical center in their grayish/blue Humvee. The radio was set to a station that had caught Mack's attention with The Rolling Stones. Now "Line Up" by Aerosmith was resounding through the vehicle. Schwarz cleared his throat conspicuously and tried uselessly to suppress a smile. Bolan turned down the radio. "What?" The Executioner asked with genuine curiosity. "Nothing." Hermann replied while trying to camouflage his laughter with superficial coughing. "Not nothing! What the hell is so damn funny?" "You were singing. Mack the Bastard Bolan was providing Steve Tyler with vocal backup. That's all." With the cat out of the bag,

Gadgets was hysterical with laughter. "What? I was?" Striker's eyes got a little big and he went beet red. He felt such a warrior shouldn't be prone to such attacks of musical outburst. Hermann started up again, still chuckling. "You got a good voice Mack. Maybe you should leave the Farm and join a professional choir." That thought made the electronics specialist laugh even louder. Not responding, the commando opened the driver's window. Suddenly, the truck became very warm.

"Ok, that should be the last of it." Cowboy said. They'd just finished loading up a Bell helicopter with combat gear. "Let's roll then." Charlie Mott replied as he started the chopper's engines. Lyons and Blancales strapped themselves in and closed the doors. Carl noticed that Pol was carrying a duffel bag he hadn't noticed before. "What's that?" Ironman shouted over the roar of the rotors. "My own breed of weapons. You'll see later." Rosario answered with a smile. Carl shrugged. Kissinger had really loaded them up. For Mack, an M4 Ranger Carbine with M203 Grenade Launcher. Lyons was carrying his good old Atchisson shotgun. Schwarz was going to be given an old M1 Carbine chassis re-chambered for the .454 Casull cartridge. Pol, however was using a "secret" weapon which was hidden in the ominous duffel bag. Carl, figuring the assault to be fast and furious, decided that instead of taking speed loaders for his Colt Python, he'd carry a second gun. A Colt 1911 tuned up by Kissinger. When the Python was empty, the 1911 would come into play. This tactic was known as a "New York Reload". That made him grin. In addition to the weapons, John had given them each three Thermite Plasma grenades. These-when detonated-sprayed molten iron in every direction for four to five yards. Ironman had also requested five one-pound bricks of C-4 with four remote/timed selectable detonators. The fifth was a "suicide" detonator. There was no failsafe for this mechanism.

"What'd you guys find out?" Blancales asked. "Mack's got a talent for music." Hermann giggled. "What?" "NEVER MIND!" Interjected Mack firmly. "Anyway. . ." Lyons said in attempt to get back to the topic. "Yes. The Mohawk Indians say that there is an explanation. A young Shaman, not complete in his training and angry at the white man, used an incantation. It brought to life their equivalent of the grim reaper. This though is much more sinister. His name translates into walking death. Anyone whom his gaze falls upon is instantly his prey. Often the death is violent and extremely gruesome. Manual decapitation, hearts ripped out et cetera. His targets are mostly people who have harmed the Mohawk in some way or another or anyone else who impedes his progress. Religious artifacts won't work because the walking death is a universal icon. Not a theory of how or why you die but the pure energy used and released during the process of death not only by humans but all living things. The only way to kill it is to direct an even more overwhelming amount of energy at it. In plain terms- we need a lot of fucking heavy guns!" The look on Striker's face was grim. He'd never taken on an enemy of this sort. This was a job for the agents of the "X-Files" not StonyMan Farm. "Sounds like my kinda op." Ironman commented bravely. "Who's in?" Lyons challenged. Everyone put a hand out until all of the commandos' hands overlapped. "Let's do some serious progress impeding, eh?" Rosario added.

The trap was set. Rosario with his mystery weapon was the bait. This mystery weapon was an AR-10 frame used as an air gun. Instead of a magazine, there was a cylindrical CO2 canister. The barrel had been

replaced with one made to accept arrows or bolts. When Pol pulled the trigger the projectile launched with 95lbs of pressure. The canister lasted for twenty-five firings. After this was used up Blancales had an MP-510 to fall back on. The Spanish commando had fifteen steel-bodied arrows with quad-bladed hunting tips. Five were hollow aluminum arrows that were flared at the front opening. These worked like hollow point bullets. The last five were steel-bodied with what looked like a paint ball on the tip. On impact, the "paint ball" would burst open and detonate five ounces of R.D.X. explosive. The familiar sound of stealthy footsteps were faint but audible. The other three warriors sat with their weapons ready. Pol could here the beast approaching from the rear but let Bolan have the first shot. The Executioner triggered a 40mm buckshot round at the creature. Now when hit, the thing didn't bleed but whatever part of it was hit disintegrated into a black dust and was blown away. Rosario ducked and Lyons opened up with the Atchisson. Two three round bursts of #000 buckshot slammed the spirit. The last shot which was placed well was an incendiary slug. The explosive force knocked it back onto a trip wire. This wire was attached to a Thermite grenade. Now more than 20% of the beast's body was alight with molten metal. Auto fire pierced the air of the forest. Lyons clicked on one of the remote's buttons. A thunderous roar was followed shortly by a cluster of trees blocking death's path. The midnight creature bounded over the debris but was hit in mid-air by a dozen-round burst of .454 Casull from Hermann Schwarz. Slowed severely, the creature continued to flee. Everyone stopped to change magazines. Ironman spoke up. "No one move. He's in the trap!" Everyone looked at Carl. He clicked the last of the row of buttons on the remote. He lipped the count off. Suddenly, the monster started to charge them. "C'MON!" Gadgets shouted. "WE GOTTA FLUSH 'IM BACK FIFTY FEET IN ANOTHER TWO MINUTES OR WE'RE ALL GREASED!" Lyons yelled. They formed a skirmish line and unchained a wall of lead coming from pistols and long arms alike. Foot by foot walking death was blasted back into the target ring. Finally, Mack fired a 40mm HE round which flung the beast back right where he was supposed to be. As a security measure, Blancales drew the arrow gun and pinned it to a tree. Able Team spun around and ran. Three seconds later all were thrown to the ground as the suicide detonator activated. Whatever remained of the spirit must have been overwhelmed by the sheer blast wave. After a few moments of disorientation and ringing ears, the four looked at each other. "Think we should check on it?" Schwarz asked. "If it survived that, it can have us!" Exclaimed Bolan. Then, a chopper began to circle overhead. Unfortunately, a lot of woodland had been destroyed today, but the Mohawks had only themselves and a rouge Shaman to blame for it. "Gee-" Ironman wondered. "What happened when this thing was released in the 1400's when they didn't have C-4?" "I don't know nor do I care." Replied Pol who was as battle "worn and torn" as everyone else. "Wonder if they saved us any cake." Hermann inquired. "If they did, I got first dibs!" Called Blancales. "Yeah? You'll have to go through me and my Atchisson first Pol!" Lyons challenged. "Anytime Carl. . . anytime." Rosario snapped with a grin. "For me, it's a hot bath and a Blackberry Brandy on the rocks." Just the thought of such relaxation made the Executioner's skin crawl.

The End!

End
file.